

# College Cheer

"WE KNOCK TO BOOST."

VOL. XIII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1921.

NO. 9.

## Purple and Red Closes Basketball Season

### LOCALS OVERWHELMED BY NORTHWESTERN DENTALS

Purple and Red ended its net career of the season at Chicago, by sustaining a stiff defeat from the Northwestern Dentals 21 -- 52. Although the score was somewhat one-sided, it does not tell the whole tale of the brave fight of the local quintette. On the floor the Purple and Red made a valiant stand holding their own, but around the basket the tall Dents had every advantage. The first few minutes of play St. Joe was able to maintain a narrow lead. The Dents, however, soon tied up and drew away, the tally being 22 -- 12 at the count of the first half.

The final half of the contest really proved the downfall of the locals. With St. Joe unable to keep up their breaking pace at close guarding and attempting to score, the Dents soon rode safely into a big lead. Purto lead the attack with six ringers to his credit and was ably assisted by his team-mates. The locals were not able to count more than nine points this period, making a total of 21 -- 52.

The first period St. Joe gave the lofty Dentals quite a merry chase with Arnold playing his best game of the season, of twelve points he totalled eight to his credit. The second half, however, he was unable to obtain more than one field tally. Scheidler, jumping center, but playing backguard, gave his usual wary opposition, although against the long shots of Purto he was practically helpless. Curl's untiring fight gave ample proof that he was the hardest worker on the team. Laux played his old-time snappy game, but his efforts in finding the ring were mostly futile. O'Brien, likewise, could scarce find the net having only two ringers as the efforts of the entire game.

### SUMMARY

ST. JOE		N. W. DENTALS
Arnold	F.	Pacey
Laux	F.	Berry
Scheidler	C.	Lane
Curl	G.	Purto
O'Brien	G.	Brozowski

Substitutions: Tabor for Pacey, Blumenthal for Berry, Berry for Blumenthal, Sugar for Berry.

Field Goals: Arnold 5, O'Brien 2, Laux 1, Lane 4, Berry 2, Purto 9, Tabor 3, Blumenthal 4, Sugar 2.

Free Throws: O'Brien 5 -- 7; Tabor 2 -- 2; Berry 2 -- 4.

### HOOSIER READER GIVES EXCELLENT PROGRAM

An exceptionally fine treat was given the students on Washington's birthday by Elmer Marshall, professor of public speaking at Indiana Central University of Indianapolis. Mr. Marshall made his first appearance and his program was well taken. His entertainment, which consisted of humorous readings, as well as pathetic scenes, impersonations and extracts from the "Merchant of Venice," pleased the audience in every respect. It was the sly humor of the reader that won the praise of all as he related sections from the Hoosier poet, Riley, and others.

With such skill and perfection did he render his selections that the house was taken by storm; his impersonations were no other than such that would leave a lasting impression. A program of like nature was never so well given at the college, for with such an exceptional amount of ease did the reader hold the listeners that the time to disperse seemed to come all too soon. It must be owned that Mr. Marshall has given us the best diversified entertainment of the year and we only hope we have some future opportunity to hear him again.

### SENIOR B. B. ACTIVITIES

The Seniors underwent their first defeat of the season from the hands of the Rensselaer Modern Woodmen, Sunday, Feb. 20th. At the final count the score stood 32 -- 23. The game was characterized by much futile shooting, particularly on the part of the Seniors who were away off form. The Woodmen played a hard game attaining their lead at the close of the first half and the beginning of the second. Rose and Lange were the chief scorers for the Seniors while Tilton was heavy man for the Woodmen.

### SUMMARY

SENIORS		M. WOODMEN
Rose, 4	F.	Tilton, 6
Werner, 1	F.	Crooks, 3
Lange, 3	C.	Littlefield, 1
Linder, 2	G.	Phegley, 3
Lamour, Holsinger	G.	Platt

Free Throws: Lange 3-6

Crooks, 6-7.

The following Sunday, running truer to form, the Seniors dispatched the Rensselaer Caseys in a rather summary order, 42 -- 8. The game was fast and hard fought notwithstanding the one-



sided score, the Knights deserving very much credit for their game fight to the finish. The lead of the Seniors was due to the inability of the Caseys to cage their shots which were as numerous as those of the Seniors. The entire Senior team substituted the last part of the half and gave a good account of themselves.

SENIORS	CASEYS
Rose 4, Kasper 1	F. Healy 1, S. Bresnahan
Werner 8, Kramps 2	F. Eigelsbach 2, Ryan,
Ruffing 1, Lange 3,	Eigelsbach
Ruffing	C. C. Collins, Healy
Linder 3, McCoy	G. Babcock, P. Bresnahan
Lange, Lamour	
Holsinger	G. Delaney, P. Collins 1

### The Game of Checkers.

The game of checkers is one of the oldest known games. Its origin lies back in the dim centuries before the time of Christ. It was well known to the Chinese, the Greeks, and the Romans, and today it is known throughout the civilized world. A game which has held the attention of men for so long a time is certainly deserving of notice.

It is not necessary to enter into detail how the game is played for the greater part of men have either played or witnessed the game. It is, however, primarily a game of wits. Unlike many other games, every move and every possible play lies open and visible on the board. Of course, they are not always apparent at first sight. Theoretically both sides have an equal advantage and there should not be such a thing as a "surprise move."

Every possible move of your opponent should be anticipated and checked if it is necessary. The course of a player during the game always depends more or less on his opponent's "move." It is usually not so much one individual move that causes the trouble, but the favorable or unfavorable position formed by a number of moves.

A great many games, especially among inexperienced players, are largely chance affairs, wherein the players are trapped by the simplest devices; wherein also the game is indefinitely prolonged through the failure to seize advantageous moves and positions.

When two skilled players, however, are at the game there is little "hit or miss" playing. Nearly every move has a purpose. These players do not depend upon chance to gain advantageous positions, lest they force them. Such a game is a battle royal.

Then, too, there is an element of chance which creeps into the best of games. One player may give undue attention to one part of the field, thus failing to see some significant move of his opponent; the best chances of victory may be shattered thus in one single move. Uncertainty lends zest to the game and causes an ever present feeling of apprehension on the part of the players, lest they fall into some more or less deeply laid plot.

As a general rule it is best to be on the aggressive in playing a game of checkers. "Offering" is a common and very effective way of breaking up a threatening position. A blocked defensive game

is usually to be avoided as it is sometimes most difficult to extricate one's men from such a position without loss.

There are few definite rules to be given for playing checkers successfully. Every player gradually adopts a set of general principles to which he adheres except under radical circumstances. Positions are ever changing and a player must accommodate his moves to circumstance.

The game of checkers is a worthy brother to the somewhat similar but more complex game of Chess. Checkers has the requisite of all good games in that it requires concentration and demands that the mind be free from all outside cares and distractions. It is a wonderful game and its long continued popularity in the past is a sufficient guarantee of its future.

### Singing by Request.

Man is an unfathomable creature. Why will a boy sing, whether anyone wants him to or not, when he is out on a warm evening with four or five other boys? And why will the same boy blush and draw back like a stubborn ass when he is asked to sing at a party on the same kind of a nice warm night with a few more in attendance? You will say it is self-consciousness. But why should a rational, well-balanced being be self-conscious? You must answer that it lies in the nature of the creature.

I am a creature of the same blood and color. I blushed, I balked, I fidgeted, when I was requested to sing at a party. Dozens of times before I had sung the same song with perfect freedom — but never by general request. I considered my situation desperate and if, for the rest of my life, I could have avoided the persons present I would have run. But I knew this to be impossible. So with a sickly smile I bowed awkwardly to my audience and cleared my throat for a grand flourish.

The first few lines went well — but not the remaining ones. I had hardly begun to flatter myself that I was getting along splendidly when I found that my memory was a blank and that I had forgotten the next line of words. In perfect confusion I stopped with a jolt. After a severe struggle with my delinquent memory, the missing words rushed back to me. Again I started, only to forget the very last two lines, whereupon I fiercely told my audience that I thought I had annoyed them long enough and then rushed for the door and a few breaths of fresh air.

(Extract from the confessions of a local opera star.)

### The Familiar Old Tune. (It never grows stale)

Dear Dad:

Not long ago, in accents tame,  
I wrote for "jack, but nothing came.  
Wherefore, once more  
I humbly do implore  
Of your beloved name,  
Some "stuff wherewith"  
One might ex'ith.  
Be a sport, Dad, be game!

P. S. This served its purpose once.



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**Address**

EDITOR, COLLEGE CHEER,  
 COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA.

Saturday, March 12, 1921.

**EDITORIALS.**

It was once remarked by a person, who, to our imagination, displayed no little poetic genius thereby: "Not the fuzzy pussy willow, not the robin red-breast, but the little horse-hide sphere is the true harbinger of spring." Of course, the veracity of this statement rests on your own personal observation, the Government weather bureau having issued no report on the ability of the baseball to predict the spring season, but perhaps you have noticed these few lines are very often quite reliable, especially if a group of ambitious young Americans is somewhere in the vicinity.

This year, the little sphere seems to have had a premonition and if being early is any point in favor of superiority over other forecasts, our little ball seems to have out-distanced its rivals by some several laps. Perchance our one time friends, the pussy willow and robin red-breast, keep ever present the ancient addage: "Haste makes waste." That is just one more argument in favor of the baseball, if it should come a bit too early, it scarce need be afraid of getting snowed under or nipped in the bud.

Unmindful of the beauties of nature? not in the least! Most assuredly we like to hear the welcome songs of the feathered tribe and still more, see green things jump up all around us, as it were, over night. Nature's appeal is (no protestation possible) irresistible, while spring fever is the friction of our sluggish soul's response to the thrilling call of the new-born cycle. What an admirable aid to the acceleration of this response is the little sphere of national reputation! Then, too, besides being an incentive to quicken our impulses, it bridges so smoothly the gap between first spring and mid-summer. How our reveries do carry us on, and here we are anticipating before we know it.

It is not our intention to propose anything radical, but it hardly seems fair that in these days of extensive legislation, our true and earnest-working pal, the little baseball, should be denied the glory, it really has coming to it, through the simple neglect of some burly Senator to propose that the

baseball be entered on the records of the weatherman as the true harbinger of spring.

**The Changing Age. §2.**

A survey of all the changes that have appeared within the last half century will at once convince the world that an entirely new era is coming to the fore. Chiefly in a material way is this change presenting itself. By the advance of machinery production has facilitated itself so much that raw material cannot be procured fast enough to meet the demand. But where are the effects of this much talked of production? Can it be that no one takes even the slightest heed, perhaps never even notices it; that possibly one and all have grown so immune to all alterations.

An invention, at one time, spread every sort of rumor and with comparatively few did the innovation find favor. It was first through the efforts of the next generation that the real rays of this new blessing shone forth.

What causes the great transmutations to be more easily effected now than formerly? The world moved slowly, but we must not forget the one-time progress that was attained by so many of the now inferior nations. It was through the efforts of these peoples that the present nations have been able to advance. The spark of knowledge, as tribes pushed forward, like a fire, absorbed everything in its way leaving nought in the wake. There are yet vast portions of territory that are being transformed. The reputed cradle of mankind, incidentally is again being brought to the foreground. And possible it does seem that a completed circle will thus be made, which will continue to move around.

If we wish to drive out all fear of such consequences by pointing to the immense progress we have made, implying that it is imperishable we are sorely misgiven. Recall the marvelous description of ancient Babylon, Troy, and Carthage (not to mention any of the famous Grecian cities), are they not a treasure of unfathomable knowledge to be admired! And these, too, have gloried in their days; given rise to new sites and cities; thus another arc was added to that circle.

But why should we confine ourselves merely to material changes? There is scarcely a world of toil today, in the true sense of the word. The augmented races can be divided into three main classes: the legislative, the judicial, and executive; these, however, may again be subdivided; the one time proposer was also disposer and executor; but now it is proposer and overseer. But why not, is there not that much more advantage for someone else? True and well.

The greatest phase to be noticed is the ever increasing unrest. With every change, aided by time and circumstance, there invariably comes a hoard of dislike and ill-will. To wit, the late war brought home many of the proverbial war effects, which heretofore had been mere statements.

Again, if one would endeavor to peruse all the printed matter, worthy of notice, that is published in a single year, it undoubtedly would take a lifetime. With such an enormous amount of articles is the public mind assailed that it fairly congeals.



Business goes where it is invited and stays where it is  
well treated

WE INVITE YOURS

# COLLEGE INN

ICE CREAM, CANDIES and LUNCHES

And the limit is by no means reached. Aside from reading material there are also innumerable amusements to claim the attention during leisure moments. Instead of all these being dependent upon man, it can almost be truly said to be vice versa.

The days of backwoodmen and pioneers, of log cabins and open hearths have long ago been summed up as history, and yet it is but a century ago. Right amongst us inversions are always taking place, which will some day be noted. It is after all, but natural, for new phases to appear. Would it not be a dreary year, if it were perpetually spring or autumn? Indeed, we might have grown accustomed to all this, but "familiarity breeds contempt." Hence, observing what is yet in primeval state of change, we may some day be able to mark the complete and beautiful transformation perfected and mellowed by time.

A wise man thinks before he speaks; but a fool speaks and then thinks of what he has been saying .  
Egan.

## Our Circus in the Barn.

In the course of events we call to mind happenings which put us again into the joyous realms of youth. Some time back I recalled a little incident that I thought would be of interest to those who happen to peruse these simple but heartfelt lines. This little episode, or rather circus of ours, took place in a neighbor's barn. The beginning was glorious, but at present we leave the end to your imagination.

So as the more easily to evade notice, we selected an empty oats-bin for our stage. Our show troop consisted of three girls and five boys, or six actors and two sentinels. John Smith, Louise Smith (his squaw), and myself were chosen to be Indians. My nickname was "Sitting Bull."

In the line of make-up we had a blanket, turkey feathers, glue, paint, and burnt cork. Most of this was used to adorn me, the last great chief of the tribe. Glue having been smeared on my hair to make the feathers stick, my face was dobed to a dark red aspect and my arms were blackened with cork.

Then with a blanket thrown over my shoulders, I took my place with my two companions behind some sacks used as an ambush. After an hour of combat my warrior and his squaw were killed and I alone remained to brave the fight. For half an hour I withstood all assaults, but as it was getting late I decided to surrender.

As I struggled from my ambush with my white flag what should greet me but a shower of stones. A couple of these proceeded to make their way into my open mouth, while a larger one came crashing into my right eye and darkened its vision. This broke up the circus for us, but was only the beginning of my troubles anew.

Now came the thought of home sweet home and of facing father and mother in this plight. All the way home the thought of dad's big foot and that inflexible hickory stick behind the cupboard seemed to haunt me. The cold, hard bed, mother's angry looks, and no supper, followed me along the road like some menacing ghost.

As soon as I arrived I tried George Washington's little trick, but it didn't work in my case. All my fears were now to be realized. After mother had washed off all the paint and blackening and had removed most of the glue from my hair, dad put on a few finishing touches with the hickory stick. I was no longer "Sitting Bull" as the easiest position for me was to remain standing, which, however, I was not permitted to do, for I was immediately sent to that cold bed without supper.

That night, as the waning moon peeped through my window I muttered to myself: "Indeed, it is the last of the Redmen, and almost of Eddie Lea." With traces of fateful tears still on my cheeks, I sank into dreamland.

E. J. L.

Gallagher — Every time I go to the grave of Bob Ingersoll I can't help associating his name with one great character.

Kraus P. — Why, who's that?

Gallagher — Robert Burns.

Expert tutors have labored in vain  
To make an impression on Bastine's brain.



## OUR MISSION UNIT.

With the arrival of the second "Spread Book," the official organ of the Crusade, we see the rapid growth of the movement in all sections of the country. We find our unit in the list of senior organizations, along with many other college units, about the same size, pretending little and really doing a great deal. We might ask ourselves, how many units there listed were organized upon our suggestion and stimulated by our influence. Enough there are none as yet, our Campaign Secretary has been busy getting out letters to various points likely to enlist in the Crusade. There is no doubt of our ultimate success in bringing at least a few units into the general body of student organizations.

Lately, however, our efforts have shifted to a different field, — the purchase of pagan infants, a very commendable practice among all devoted crusaders. The redemption price is only \$5.00. A very insignificant sum when compared to the great good it accomplishes. We should feel indebted, somewhat, to the example of Mr. Julian Voskuhl, who has the distinction of being the first crusader in our unit to purchase a pagan babe. Since the announcement of his purchase, the idea has gained ground rapidly among the students. The third and fourth classes have purchased two infants apiece, Bernard Malloy being a very generous contributor; the fifth class has christened their little black baby; and the sixth class has followed with like generosity.

To make the idea interesting, the purchasers will draw chances to see who has the privilege of naming the child. The lucky man will be charged 50 cents for the privilege of giving the first name, 25 cents for the second name. It is hoped that this special direction our work has taken will be enthusiastically followed out for some time by all crusaders. In it we come nearer the actual work of the foreign missionary; and we should feel a special delight in the knowledge of the immense interest our money brings when invested in this spiritual project.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Friday Evening, Feb. 18, we were honored with a visit from the Rev. Rudolph M. Fontaine, S. D. S. Father M. Fontaine, who has spent ten years as a missionary in the Province of Assam, India, lectured to us on general religious conditions in India, pointing out especially the meagre financial backing which the Catholic mission settlement receives from America. He brought with him many stereoptican views, to which he added his interesting stories, gathered through years of personal contact with actualities in the great land of India. His program filled a long evening with much of interest and instruction.

No one can be generous with God who has not a great broad love of his neighbor. Faber.

A clear conscience is something sold for money; but it is never bought with it. Faber.

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ST. JOE HEADQUARTERS

LUNCHES

"SMOKES"

## CHATTY CHATTER.

### One Year Ago Today.

No more cases of small pox reported, while the "Gang" in the attic seem to be having a good time.

### Two Years Ago Today.

Blue Monday! Nothing unusual taking place but rain! rain! and more rain. The day previous the all Ohio B. B. team defeated St. X. 28 -- 20. The Buckeyes' line-up was as follows: "Wop" Schaefer, O'Brien, Lange, Rose, Brady.

In electing Carl Schnitz as Pres. the Grads seem to have selected a big enough man to carry their burdens while Edgar Moorman as Sec. makes a good "tickler" of the keys and a handy assistant to the chief regent.

The Board of Directors for the Alumni were in secret confab the latter part of last week. We wonder what's going to be sprung now.

Did you notice the big smile on Pete O'Brien a few days ago? Well, Pete, you have our permission to let them call you "Nuncle" now!

Now listen, Kelly, Al Linder is responsible for this. Al informs us that every time you walk, you being so knockkneed, your knees keep saying to each other: "Leave me by, leave me by, leave me by." Mon garcon, est il vrai?

Whose de bloke that says the auto is a recent invention? Our history tells us that Bohemia had an "ATTO-KAR" in the thirteenth century.

We have looked in vain for someone that did not appreciate the entertainment given by Mr. Marshall, the evening of Washington's birthday. But say, did you notice that after every selection he took a good swig from a glass that was standing on the table. Sure must have been great stuff, the way he worked after he took a healthy drink! P. S. We went around to the stage door after the doings were over, but the stage managers politely informed us they was puttin' nothin' out.

Things are buzzing for dear life around here these bright days — — There's a sawmill in action back of the barns!

Never give up waiting, is a good motto. If we could find the one that placed the tin cups at the pump we would be inclined to give him a generous write-up.

Do not forget to order that extra copy of the next issue of the "Cheer" which will contain a picture of the varsity B. B. Squad.

Boy! the end of the year is sure coming. The Grads have begun talking about cabinet photos and such high-geflutin' terms that are missing from the ordinary collegger's vocabulary.

In order to help along the great St. Patrick's day celebration we move that the following names be changed as follows:

McBaumgartner, O'Breitenbach, O'Kramps, McSchulte, Fitzschnitz, O'Schumacher.

Signed

O'Connorstein, Byrnebach, Kellyhage, Flynnsheuser, Gallagherstoff, Bradyang.

Who's the patriotic Irishman that's going to second the motion.

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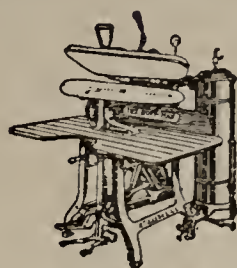
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Someone has suggested that this Col's beauty contest be changed to a sleeping contest. Latest reports show that Alphonse Ulrich is slightly besting Philip Rose.

By golly, we have one thing to thank Harding for if we never get the occasion again. Much obliged for the free day we enjoyed on your inauguration, Pres.!

Some of these guys that go out on free days and get those classy? chicken dinners are always blowing off about how good they are. They're darn insultin' we think. Don't they suppose we have any imagination left any more to picture a healthy chicken dinner! They ought to be fined for disturbing the peace.

It's time to get that dress suit of yours all rigged up for the big dress parade on St. Pat's day, for, "now honey, don' be late, we'll all be ready fo' ha'f pas' eight!"

There's a good opening around here for a Socialist to start a community bank for the furtherance of safety to our pocketbooks when a town day and a free day come right next to each other.

\* \* \* \* \*

### NOTHING AND SOMETHING LESS.

#### No Cabarets for Him.

Farmer — (Contemplating trip) — I reckon there's a powerful lot o'sights to see in New York. Wife — I s'pose so, but secin's I'm goin' with you, there's a powerful lot of them you ain't goin' to see.

Boob Jocab's makes a timely suggestion for improving the paper suit. He thinks a strip of sand-paper on the right trouser leg would be a great help to smokers.

#### To the Point.

Student attending big dinner relating to his friend who was absent. "Best after dinner speech I ever heard."

Friend — "What did he say?"  
" ' Waiter, let me have the check.' "

#### That Explains It.

Lecture Prof. — "Alcohol can be made from almost anything, even of old leather."

One who knew — "Bet that accounts for the flavor of some of this so-called boot-leg liquor."

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— Repairing —

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### The Unlucky One.

Disappointed traveler — (who has just missed the train, to Conway who arrived a minute later) — "Confound it; just got here in time to see that blamed train leaving."

Conway — "Lucky dog! I haven't got a glimpse of it yet and I tried every day for a week to catch it."

### The Call of the Season.

Come one, come all,  
Both great and small;  
The umpires call:  
"Play ball, play ball!"

Cornet — Who was the greatest dramatic actor that ever lived?

Egan — I can't guess.

Cornet — Samson; because no one ever brought the house down like he did.

### Felt Like Thirty Cents.

Goat — Notice any change in me?

X-Ray — No; why?

Goat — I just swallowed thirty cents.

### Hope Springs Eternal.

Pat had been detailed to carry the sad news of the boiler explosion to the weeping widow.

"Sure now, ye shouldn't take on so," he said consolingly, "Mike was sittin' on the boiler when it blew up. They ain't found him yet, but some day he might light on one of these here airplanes and come down fine and dandy."

### CURSES:

A Tragedy in one Act.)

Scene 1.

Eddie O'Connor and Hoban at the bulletin board going over the package and smoking club lists.

Eddie — reading to himself the names on the package list, then all of a sudden, — "O Connor, 2."

Hoban — real attentive, "What's that, Eddie?"

Eddie — repeating, "O'Connor 2 — sweep!"

Hoban — highly indignant, "Aw nuts."

Next Scene.

Fell a silence 'twixt the two.

Roach says his extra fine handwriting is like a dead pig, because it is done with the pen.

# The PRINCESS THEATRE

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